conſcious of my ſecret ſins, throw off my fellow-creatures, and calmly ſee them drop into the chaſm of perdition, that yawns to receive them.—No! no! The agonized heart will cry with ſuffocating impatience—I too am a man! and have vices, hid, perhaps, from human eye, that bend me to the duſt before God, and loudly tell me, when all is mute, that we are formed of the ſame earth, and breathe the ſame element. Humanity thus riſes naturally out of humility, and twiſts the cords of love that in various convolutions entangle the heart.

This ſympathy extends ſtill further, till a man well pleaſed obſerves force in arguments that do not carry conviction to his own boſom, and he gladly places in the faireſt light, to himſelf, the ſhews of reaſon that have led others aſtray, rejoiced to find ſome reaſon in all the errors of man; though before convinced that he who rules the day makes his ſun to ſhine on all. Yet, ſhaking hands thus as it were with corruption, one foot on earth, the other with bold ſtride mounts to heaven, and claims kindred with ſuperiour natures. Virtues, unobſerved by man, drop their balmy fragrance at this cool hour, and the thirſty land,

land, refreſhed by the pure ſtreams of comfort that ſuddenly guſh out, is crowned with ſmiling verdure; this is the living green, on which that eye may look with complacency that is too pure to behold iniquity!

But my ſpirits flag; and I muſt ſilently indulge the reverie theſe reflections lead to, unable to deſcribe the ſentiments, that have calmed my ſoul, when watching the riſing ſun, a ſoft ſhower drizzling through the leaves of neighbouring trees, ſeemed to fall on my languid, yet tranquil ſpirits, to cool the heart that had been heated by the paſſions which reaſon laboured to tame.

The leading principles which run through all my diſquiſitions, would render it unneceſſary to enlarge on this ſubject, if a conſtant attention to keep the varniſh of the character freſh, and in good condition, were not often inculcated as the ſum total of female duty; if rules to regulate the behaviour, and to preſerve the reputation, did not too frequently ſuperſede moral obligations. But, with reſpect to reputation, the attention is confined to a ſingle virtue—chaſtity. If the honour of a woman, as it is abſurdly called, is ſafe, ſhe may neglect every ſocial duty; nay, ruin